

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## POETRY.

For the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—

DECEMBER, 1884.

BY BOOMERANG JOE.

Beneath the mould the summer flowers are sleeping,  
On vale and hill;  
Above their graves December skies are weeping,  
Drear and chill;  
Heavy and low the gloomy clouds are flying,  
Through forests bare the mournful winds are sighing;  
While dirges for the year that fast is dying,  
Are never still.

No more the orchards on the breeze are flinging,  
Their showers of bloom;  
A few leaves to withered branches clinging,  
Wait for their doom;  
The sweet-voiced birds for kinder climes have started,  
The glories of November have departed;  
And Nature, once so glad and lightsome hearted,  
Sits wrapped in gloom.

Our spirits seem to have received a warning,  
Of coming fear;  
Our hearts with Nature must unite in mourning,  
O'er sorrows near;  
O'er wrongs we've done that never can be righted,  
O'er pledges broken, that in joy were plighted,  
O'er hopes once bright, but now forever blighted,  
Like the sad year.

Dec. 25, 1884.

## STORY TELLER.

### A TERRIBLE RIDE.

If two persons, from the fact of having met before, might dispense with the ceremony of introduction, in nine cases out of ten, my readers would not need a word of preface from me, but would be content with my story at once. In fact, I shall do so, after a brief description of myself, not as I am, but as it is my wont to appear in public.

Are you living in the country? Then the chances are that at a not very remote hour you have seen prowling about the neighborhood a man who might have been a tramp, a bricklayer out of work, an ex-pugilist, a dog-stealer—any one or all these, as his dress would present such a strange combination as to utterly confound your attempt to guess the particular grade to which the stranger belonged. That man was Detective Trace.

Are you a resident of the West End, who knows by heart the faces of those whom you meet during your promenade in Regent street and the parks? If so, you have perhaps seen a man who has puzzled you—a “swell,” faultlessly “got up” as to his dress, and with a profuse yet quiet display of jewelry. You may have noticed that, while he apparently participated in the pleasure of the gay crowd of idlers, his eye was restless, and failed not to scan the features of every masculine and feminine face that passed him, and this too without the slightest approach to rudeness; and your keen eye detected that his jewels were paste, and you could not, do what you would, “make him out.” He was Detective Trace.

Does your business ever carry you through the purlieus of St. Giles, or the foul courts and alleys of Whitechapel? If I may take it for granted that such is the case, you will perhaps remember noticing during your progress a man who apparently did not know what to do with himself—a downcast-looking fellow, hanging round the door of a public-house or gin-palace, with his hands deep in the pockets of his greasy corduroys and his chin half hidden in a gaudy “Belcher” neckerchief, while he passed the time by puffing dense clouds of smoke from a short black pipe. He did not trouble you much however; you simply said to yourself, “Some poor fellow out of work.” But you were wrong. He was Detective Trace.

Whether you are of the town or country you have, I presume, travelled by railway, and have sometimes found your *vis-a-vis* an affable loquacious old gentleman, with spectacles, who rested his palms on the handle of a stout stick or umbrella, while he quietly scrutinized and banded an inoffensive joke with each passenger who left or entered the carriage at the different stations, and who in spite of a troublesome asthmatic cough, so managed to ingratiate himself with his fellow-travellers as to almost draw from them the history of their travels for any past period.

Perhaps it has also been your lot to see this same agreeable old gentleman condescend to a sudden fit of serious-

ness as he whispered in the ear of one of the occupants of the compartments who was going to alight. This may have surprised you; but what followed this strange movement gave you a clue to the mystery. You witnessed an altercation followed by the sharp click of handcuffs, and you knew that he was Detective Trace.

May be at times you have had a difficulty in killing a weary hour or so, and have amused yourself by listening to the “cases” at the nearest police court. If so, your eye has wandered to the witness-box as the officer in charge of the culprit has entered it.

Whom did you see there? A man who no longer hoisted false colors, for there was no further need of disguise; he had thrown it aside, and stood revealed in his true character, wearing the uniform of a sergeant in the police force, as, having kissed the Sacred Book, he proceeded at once to tell “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” etc., and gave in his name as Sergeant Trace. But, although he has long been superannuated and the winter of time has somewhat thinned and silvered his hair, his evidence, while he reclines in his easy chair, shall be as true, the fact which he asserts shall be as irrefragable as when, years ago, he kissed the Sacred Book in the court over which the blind goddess presides. To begin then—Sergeant Trace and I are one and the same person.

Many years ago I was instructed to discover the whereabouts of a young lady who was “wanted”—why, it is unnecessary for me to tell; but it was in the execution of my duty that an incident occurred which nearly cost me my life.

I had tracked the fugitive to Brighton, where I made the discovery that she was just upon the point of returning to London. This suited me admirably, as I could delay the dangerous business of arrest till we arrived at the end of the journey; but in order to be upon the safe side, I of course did not lose sight of her, and finally seated myself in the same compartment of the train as she herself occupied.

It was on the morning express, and our compartment contained but three passengers, a gentleman, a lady—the object of my pursuit—and myself. The guard locked the door; and then commenced the most terrible journey I ever made in my life. I scanned the features of the gentleman opposite to whom I sat, and saw that his eyes were intently fixed upon me.

The discovery was anything but pleasant, for there was a dark malicious look in his face that I did not at all relish; so, quietly drawing a paper from my pocket, I became apparently absorbed in its contents, while under my lids I kept a sharp eye upon the stranger. When I again turned to meet his eye, I was more than ever convinced that he was bent upon mischief, though he had not spoken, for his hand was clutching nervously at something in the breast pocket of his coat, and his gaze was riveted upon me.

Was it a pistol he had in his pocket? I wondered. Such a thing was not at all unlikely, and, coupled with the fact that the man himself had every appearance of a maniac, my position was anything but agreeable, for we had a fifty minutes’ run before us without a stoppage.

However to have let him know my suspicions would have been to place myself at a disadvantage; so, arranging myself down for a nap, I so arranged my hat that I could watch his hand without his knowing it. No sooner. No sooner had I apparently fallen asleep than he jumped from his seat with the evident intention of springing upon me; but, quick as he was, I was quicker, and in an instant I had him by the throat and hurled him on his back. Before I could thoroughly master him he had turned the tables, and I was down upon the floor of the carriage, with a madman sitting upon my chest.

All this occurred in a moment, and the first sound that reached my ear was a piercing scream from the lady whom I was about to arrest; but she did not faint, or I might not have lived to tell my story. With admirable presence of mind, she stood watching for an opportunity to render me any aid she could.

Brave little woman! I wonder whether, if she had known I had a pair of “bracelets” in my pocket intended as temporary ornaments for her wrists, she would have acted as she did.

But I am digressing. No sooner had the superior strength of the maniac stretched me upon my back than,

clutching my throat with one hand, he drew a dagger from his breast with the other.

“Wretch,” he hissed, rather than spoke, “do you suppose I am going to let a miserable scoundrel like you baffle me in a love affair? You’ve been following me long enough; but I’ll stop it now!”

“No,” I gasped; “you are mistaken. It was nothing but chance that threw me in your road; and I don’t even know whom you are, while I do not seek to harm you.”

I said this with the object of mollifying, and at the same time humoring him, if, as it appeared, he thought that I had been following him, while I watched for any chance that might offer to free myself from his grasp.

“Liar!” he exclaimed. “Do you think I haven’t seen you? Why, you have been a veritable shadow to me, dogging my steps everywhere; for I’ve been following her, and you’ve been watching me all the time! Presumptuous wretch, do you suppose she cares a fig for you? Look at her!”—and, to my surprise he pointed to the third occupant of our compartment—“and say if a dog like you is worthy of such a beauty as that! You, a mere commoner and ugly as sin, while I am a perfect Adonis and peer of the realm! But—bah—I am not going to argue with such as you. See—I will give you a through ticket for the next world!” And in an instant he raised the dagger and prepared to strike.

But an unexpected movement on the part of the fair passenger caused my assailant to turn his head.

“Stay,” she said—“I will help you! It will be such fun, you know. Listen! I’ll count twenty, and, while I am doing so, you hold the dagger suspended over him, and, when I come to nineteen, strike. But you must keep your eye fixed upon him, and not turn your back upon him.”

Good heaven, I thought, was she going to assist him, or was it only a ruse to gain time for me? “Wait!” he cried, in turn interrupting her. “You are a good little woman, and I’ll do as you say; but I must first get a firmer hold on him;” and, tightening his grasp round my throat, he thrust his knee deep into my chest and bade her commence to count.

“Ready!” he cried, and once more raised the dagger.

Then commenced what I thought was my death-knell. Slowly she began to count “One—two—three,” at the same time I cast an imploring glance at the woman who was thus assisting at my assassination, and who was standing behind my assailant, when, to my surprise, I noticed she was stealthily removing her shawl and twisting it up rope-fashion.

“Nine—ten—eleven”—by this time she had crept a step nearer, and, before “fifteen” she reached the neck of my “fifteen” he assassinated was encircled by the twisted shawl, and he himself dragged backward, striking at the air.

The moment I was free I sprang to my feet, and, seizing the madman’s wrists, I was enabled, while my fair assistant tightened the shawl, to put on the hand-cuffs but not till after a desperate struggle, accompanied by some nasty wounds from the dagger.

Then I bound his ankles together with my neckerchief which was a long one of the old fashioned kind; but as I had nothing with which to secure his elbows to his side, I deemed it imprudent to allow him to rise until such time as I had obtained further aid; so, sitting astride of him, I took charge of the shawl-ends, just holding them sufficiently tight, as occasion required to enable me to keep him down till the train rolled slowly into the terminus at London.

When the guard, by our cries for help, discovered our predicament, strong arms soon secured the madman and conveyed him to the waiting-room where, upon being searched, he discovered, by means of his card case, his name and address; and on inquiry it turned out that he had been for some time the inmate of a private asylum, but had recently made his escape.

Of course no time was lost in re-conveying him thither; but the strangest part of the affair was his meeting and falling in love with the lady who was then being sought for by myself. And it was while silently admiring at a distance that he conceived the idea that I, who had also an interest in keeping her in sight, was dogging his steps.

Certainly he evinced remarkably good taste and a keen eye for a pretty face, for the fair one was by no means devoid of personal attractions; though

I think that had he known—. But I forgot myself. It is not my intention to say more than I can possibly help concerning the lady in question.

Did the “bracelets” afterwards adorn her wrists, do you ask? Well, no. For, strange as it may seem, for some inexplicable reason I could never trace her after that dreadful affair in the train, and my earnest hope is that nothing more harsh than the trinkets sold at a jeweller’s has ever rested upon her arms since that terrible fifty minutes’ ride.

## Billiard Balls.

Said a manufacturer of ivory billiard balls: “Only the tusk of the wild elephant furnishes ivory hard enough to make into billiard balls. The fierceness of the wild beast hardens and solidifies the tusk, while that of the domesticated elephant is of no use for this purpose. Henry Adolph Meyer, of Hamburg, Germany, is the largest dealer in ivory in the world. He sends men into Asia, Africa and India to buy up supplies, and there are sales at public auction every three months in London, which set the standard for prices over the whole world.”

“How is the ivory prepared?” “For making into billiard balls those parts of the tusks that are of sufficient diameter and perfectly solid are sawed into blocks representing the diameter of the ball, and are shipped directly to us in that shape.”

On visiting the work-shop it was found that these blocks are first put into a lathe and an ivory harness-ring turned from the outer edges before work is begun on the ball proper. After these rings are taken off along with the “bark” of the tusk, an eighth of an inch thick, the ball cut in the rough is laid away to season for not less than six months, as it is liable to crack and split if used without seasoning. To finish the ball from the rough, a block of hard wood with a socket capable of holding one-third of the ball is well chalked and the ball inserted. The rotating motion causes the ball to adhere firmly to the wooden socket, and with a steady hand, a correct eye and a sharp chisel the intelligent mechanic cuts the globe with perfect symmetry. With a sharp pencil he first outlines the center, then quartering this is cut with a sharp chisel a delicate groove to exact depth of the diameter of the designed ball, and the groove. To detect my errors in the symmetry of the ball a sheet of thin brass has a perfectly round hole one-third the diameter of the ball cut in it. The ball is placed in this hole and held up to the light in such a manner that the light will show through wherever the brass fails to touch the ivory. After the chisel the finest sand paper is used, then pumice-stone and water, and the ball is finally polished with whiting and alcohol. To make the little black spot on the white ball, a small hole is drilled and a piece of ebony wood forced into it. To color the balls, they are first placed in bath of muriatic acid, and then in the coloring matter boiling hot. The compounds of coloring matter are trade secrets.

“What should be the treatment of billiard balls?” asked the reporter. “They should never be the bought in the winter,” was the answer, “for ivory, even after it is well seasoned, is susceptible to the influence of the weather, expanding and contracting with each change of temperature, and if these changes are at all violent they are sure to crack the balls. They should always be kept in a place of even temperature, such as a room always comfortable to live in. When they become cracked they should be well rubbed with oil.”

“What are the sizes and prices?” “We make them from 2.5-6 inches to 2.5 inches in diameter. The American standard among professionals is 2.5 inches. South America and Cuba require a larger ball. They cost from \$20 to \$30 a set, depending upon size.”

“How are different colors put on pool balls?”

“We have tight-fitting brass cups to put them in with openings like stencil plates, and the exposed part of the ball is touched with acid and subjected to a bath of coloring matter.” The manufacturer had nothing to say in favor of composition balls. They are less elastic and durable than ivory, besides being highly dangerous, as being composed of gun cotton and camphor. This renders them liable to explode or burn if brought in contact with a lighted taper. A piece of composition harness-ring was ignited and emitted a strong smell of camphor, and it burned as freely as fat pine.

In the manufacturer’s show-window of the house stand a pair of immense elephant tusks, the largest in America, they are seven feet six inches from tip to base, and weigh 117 and 123 pounds respectively, and are worth \$8000. They were taken from a tame elephant from India, that had been made to assist in loading and unloading vessels, and great grooves were worn in the sides of the tusks where the rope had been allowed to slip in lowering heavy packages.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Men of Grit.

The large majority of men do not use a tithe of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men of Wall street to-day broke down in business a good many years ago.

He went into an office where he was well acquainted, and said to a member of the firm that he had no bread for his family. “I am ready to carry messages for you, or do any other service.” He hung up his coat and commenced work around the lowest rung of the ladder. Previously this man’s check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes, unless he waked up and stirred his energies. He was a book-keeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary. What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton hook and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton at so much an hour. Behold another man with grit. The owner of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth: “Come up higher.” He resumed the quill and laid aside the cotton hook. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who cure their troubles with the bottle or pistol, are pitiful creatures who never should have been born.

## Reminiscence of Benedict Arnold.

An interesting discovery was made a few days ago at the old Benedict Arnold house in Water street, New Haven, Conn. In taking out a portion of the garret flooring a vault was found, which is supposed to have been used by Arnold during the war of the revolution as a hiding place for suspects or fugitives whom he wished to befriend. The lifting of some of the garret planking revealed the pocket or vault underneath. It is about four and a half feet by six feet square, and is plastered on the inside. Two or more persons could remain in concealment there without being crowded. The vault is located by the side of a large, old fashioned chimney.

On the floor adjacent to the vault formerly stood a large bookcase, and it is supposed that through this entrance was obtained to the hiding place. Inside the vault are plain evidences of a former staircase extending to a small inclosed space on another side of the chimney. This place, which is now plastered up, is supposed to have been sort of a closet. Whether Arnold used the vault for secretoring stores or the patriots, or built it to afford a retreat for himself, no one knows. That it should have remained undiscovered now shows that it was well designed for the purpose.—Philadelphia Press.

## THE EDITOR’S RUSE.

“Met with an accident,” said a subscriber, who was two or three years in arrears, as he entered the sanctum of a rural editor; “I see your face is bruised and you have got a black eye.”

“Well,” said the editor, with a sigh, as he arose and began to roll up his sleeves; “delinquent subscribers must be made to pay up somehow, but I sometimes come out second best, as you see.”

“Ha,” laughed the visitor as he took out his wallet; “I just dropped in to pay my bill.”

And the editor chuckled softly to himself after the visitor’s departure: “Life is full of compensation. Falling over the woodbox was a blessing to me.”—Boston Courier.

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman’s love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.—Ruskin.

## FANWOOD.

### Practicing for the Dentistry.

### A SOUTHERNER’S OPINION.

### Slidings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Peter Fogerty and Frank Russel are both knights of the awl. One day last week Fogerty moved nervously on his bench. He had the toothache, the pangs of which nearly doubled him up like a porcupine. Russel sympathized with the sufferer and volunteered to yank the troublesome grinder out. Fogerty consented without hesitation, and the handy dentist went to work with a pair of shoemaker’s nippers and with a professional grip pulled it out in fine style. Now Fogerty hammers away at old shoes with one tooth less.

We had the pleasure to investigate John Fritz, a few days ago, who wifely murdered a black cat that mewed around the laundry. He says that the cat was “crazy” and scratched him severely on the hand, when he pulled out his knife and stabbed it to death. His conscience troubles him for the crime which he has committed, but feels relieved to think that no more wild cats will prow around to scratch him.

The game of chess is the favorite game here at present, especially among the sterner sex. Nearly every High class boy has made its acquaintance, and among the superior players we may note the persons of J. H. Geary, J. B. Lloyd, W. G. Shanks and S. A. Berry. G. T. Weller seems to be the champion of the lower classes. This game may be said to require the greatest amount of thinking, and the superior players to possess the best thinking powers.

The mother of Mrs. Aversall died suddenly Tuesday last week, which was followed soon after by the death of Tyler’s mother.

Prof. Clarke hands us the following extract, from two private letters, which he has received from New Orleans:—

“I have not seen your (the New York Institution’s) exhibit yet, but Prof. —, who stops here and is in charge of the Board of Education exhibit, says it is the finest of its kind here. The Northerners here are disgusted, (and justly so). I think, with exception, this is the worst managed affair I ever saw. The exhibits are grand, indeed, and the management is fearful.”

“Acting on your suggestion, I went over and looked up the exhibit. I was astonished. I had no idea that you were doing such good work: As an old printer I took most interest in the printing. You certainly have some good work there, and what is more a printer is more pleased with it than an ordinary spectator. Was it really and truly all done by the deaf and dumb, or have you a good workman who does the fine work?” When I come to see you I want to see that printing establishment.”

We endorse Mr. Thomson’s suggestion about forming an organization out of the High Class graduates to meet occasionally under the roof of their *Alma Mater*, and hope it will meet the general approval among all the “respectable mute graduates of that class.”

What organization could be more pleasing than the one suggested by Mr. Thomson. There are scores who would gladly travel hundreds of miles to meet their old classmates once more under the scenes of their pilgrimage, and to recall times that were once to be, and to look upon those of the present as only a reflection of the past.

Nothing is more amusing to a Fanwood graduate than the reminiscences of his school days, and a gathering of the kind as proposed would be the best means of reviewing old times. Let all interested in the proposal cooperate with Mr. Thomson and see what can be accomplished.

Coasting and skating is still in fine condition. The hill near the cottage hospital has been alive with coasters. Skating is likewise all the go, and among the many skaters Prof. Gamage is doubtless the most enthusiastic. He is seen with his skates bound for Central Park almost daily.

A large number of Fanwoodites were seen gliding through the mazy throng of skaters on the lakes of Central Park last Saturday.

Saturday last was the time for the monthly social reunion, but there was a slight hitch in the administrative department, and it had to be postponed until next time.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes had better look out for a good “turn out” from Fanwood at their ball next Monday evening.

J. C. Miller, of the High Class, is in receipt of a fine pair of shoes made at the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, of which Mr. Clontz, a deaf-mute, is foreman.

The item in our last letter stating that F. R. Stryker was working in Tousey’s printing house is a mistake. W. G. Shanks has been dancing around with a felon on his little finger.

Messrs A. Capelli and T. I. Lounsbury kept company with “Aquila” Sunday last, and the three heartily agree with Mr. C. R. Thomson’s suggestions in the last issue, and, being High Class graduates of ‘84, hope it will meet with the approbation of every High Class graduate of Fanwood in order that Mr. Thompson can take action in the matter. They are very anxious to see a meeting of the most brilliant *alumni* of Fanwood.

The Peet Literary Society have brought their play almost to a state of perfection through their daily rehearsals, and by the time the *JOURNAL* is in the hands of the reader next week, the curtain will rise and the play begin. We solicit the attendance of every mute, who is interested in this enterprise, and hope they will signify their interest by turning out *en masse* on the evening of Thursday, February 12th.

We desire to inform those graduates, who desire to be present at the annual masquerade ball on Washington’s birthday, that they are at liberty to appear in mask, provided they are respectable and their costume not objectionable. Gents had better give their names and characters of costume to J. B. Lloyd, and the ladies to Miss Emma Wells, in order to save confusion. The affair is predicted to eclipse all previous events of the kind.

The First Class boys boys celebrated the birthday of their teacher in their classroom on the morning of Monday last. The wall was tastefully decorated and in the centre hung a large crayon portrait of the professor by Chas. T. Thompson, and with “Our Congratulations,” were conspicuously seen. The professor entered his classroom as usual, but this time only to be confronted with a most elegant and costly present, and the forty grateful eyes of his pupils bent on him. The present was a silver butter dish and a silver sugar basin, with an inscription engraved on the side and sugar spoons hanging around it. His attention was called to the following address written on the slate by one of his pupils, which fully demonstrated the meaning of such an elegant gift:

PROF. F. D. CLARKE:—  
DEAR TEACHER:—We wish to present a short address to you. We celebrate your birthday today instead of on Jan. 31st, as on that day there was no school. In our gratitude we present you with a token of our deep esteem for you. We know that when you see it, you will be happy and remember us as long as you live. You may look on your desk and find what we mean. We trust that you will live many years. We hope you will use the gift for many years. We would like your relations and your friends to enter our classroom to see the gift we are going to present to you for your birthday.

With much love from the “First Class Boys,”  
G. T. Weller, President.  
FANWOOD, 2-2-85.

The teacher received hearty good wishes from the teachers, officers, and nearly all the pupils.

Prof. Mann, with his wife, conducted two gentleman friends through the Institution Sunday last.

Mr. Jacques Loew dropped in Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Mitchell was visited by her father Tuesday and Wednesday last.

Owing to the death of the father of W. Rose, Wm. F. Durian takes his place as Chairman of the Pantomimic Entertainment Committee, and J. C. Miller appointed to serve on the committee.

## AQUILA.

Words should never be spoken too fast, they never result to any thing good. A man with quick temper will show his character by his words, wherever he is. He will always be disliked by his fellow men. Never say any thing in haste, for a word once spoken cannot be recalled.—Tillotson.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.00. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 1.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

It is rumored that Dr. Thomas MacIntire, the veteran Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, is fatally ill, and that no hope is entertained of his recovery. Mr. MacIntire began teaching in Ohio, from which place he went to Tennessee in 1848, and became Principal of the Tennessee Institution, which position he resigned the year following, when the Institution was closed for lack of funds. In July, 1854, he was appointed Principal of the Indiana Institution, and continued in that capacity exactly a quarter of a century, his removal in 1879 being caused by political intrigues. In August of the same year he was elected Principal of the Michigan Institution, which place he resigned on account of ill health. He accepted a call to the vacant chair in the principal office of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, in April, 1883. During his long career as a teacher, he has accomplished much for the benefit of deaf-mutes, and we sincerely hope that he may be spared for many more years of usefulness.

The Harvey Prindle Peet Bust Fund expects a goodly addition of dollars from the entertainment to be held in the chapel of the New York Institution on February 12th. We hope the anticipations of the most sanguine from the entertainment promised, there could be no greater inducement to deaf-mutes to attend, than the mere fact that their presence would materially help along so beneficent a project. The deaf-mutes should show their gratitude to their early benefactor by appearing in force at "Old Fanwood" on Thursday evening next.

The devotees of Terpsichore will do well to attend the ball of the Catholic Literary Union, which takes place on the evening of Monday next. Particulars are advertised in another column of this paper. Present indications point to a pleasant and successful affair, and if the treatment and entertainment is as good as the Union usually extends to its guests, we are sure none will be dissatisfied. As this is probably the last great event of the season, those who miss it will have to wait until the "sad and melancholy days" arrive before another such opportunity is afforded them. Let us all help to wind up the festive season with eclat.

We are informed that the great Boston "squabble" has ended, and that Mr. Holmes still retains his official connection with the Society. All the fiery eloquence and vituperation that has kept the kettle of dissension boiling, has, like Banquo's ghost, vanished into thin air. Now that the strife is over, we trust that an era of peace and prosperity will set in, and that our future dispatches from the seat of mimic war may read: "All is quiet in the Modern Athens."

The Hartford papers contain reading notices of a new book just published by the American Asylum, at the expense of the "Publication Fund" of that school. The fund was established through the generosity of Mrs. Lafayette S. Foster, of Norwich, Ct., and of the Hon. Joseph David, of Lynn, Mass. We have not yet seen the book, but our information states it to be a primer that is specially adapted to the use of deaf-mute pupils.

We acknowledge the receipt of the annual reports of the Clark Institution at Northampton, Mass., and also those of the North Carolina, West Virginia and Alabama Institutions.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

One of the JOURNAL readers wishes to know when Mr. J. M. Koehler will hold services in Altoona, Pa.

Isaac P. Beach, of Bradford, Ct., will probably take in the Worcester Levee.

William T. Carter and Edward Duran, of Boston, had an enjoyable sleigh ride to Brighton, Mass., on Saturday last.

Isaac P. Beach, of Bradford, Ct., has filed his large ice house with ice 7 to 9 inches thick. There are about 800 tons of ice in it.

Laurent Clerc Smith, son of Prof. W. S. Smith, teacher of the Oregon Mute School, was by ballot elected page of the Senate when the Legislature convened last week.

L. Bartlett, of East Killbuck, Ct., lately made a pair of No. 14 cowhide boots for a Rhode Island farmer. Each boot was fourteen inches long and weighed eight pounds.

Report hath it that our Prince of Dudes, Moses Heyman, will enter into the sea of matrimony some time in April. Moses is a jolly, good-hearted gentleman, and will be much missed by his bachelor friends.

Isaac Jones and Elmer E. Smith, former graduates of the New York Institution are in Leavenworth, Kan. The former is married and has a four-months-old little girl baby. He is working as a carpenter. Elmer, who was teased for his scholarly looking forehead, is setting type on a Leavenworth daily.

Mr. Fred H. King, of Elmira, N. Y., is enjoying his western trip. He is stopping in Fort Scott, Kan., at the house of Miss Mary Semple, of the High Class of '82 at the Rome Institution, to whom he is to be married in March. It is expected that they will go on a wedding tour to Elmira, unless Fred gets a better job in Fort Scott, Kansas.

### MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, January 28th, by the Rev. J. Chamberlain; Henry Evans and Mary L. Frame.

### Two Deaf-Mutes Cured.

SANTIAGO, Feb. 1, via Galveston.—The newspaper *El Estadario* mentions a remarkable case of two deaf and dumb ladies having recovered their hearing and speech by an operation performed by a physician of this city.—N. Y. World.

### An Unusual Entertainment.

A very interesting entertainment was given in the vestry, of Kirk Street Church, last evening, in aid of the Lowell Silent Society. Capt. Hanson of the *Times*, treasurer of the society, had the enterprise in charge, and stated that the proceeds were to be devoted exclusively to providing lectures and sermons for the deaf-mutes in their own sign language. The Abt quartet sang very acceptably. Mr. Charles Young was pianist, and there was reading by Prof. Plummer. There were some very interesting exhibitions by the silent people, of whom about twenty were present. Mr. Mayberry "recited" the story of the prodigal son, Mr. Wright, president of the society, gave the Lord's prayer; Miss Lafferty and Mrs. H. H. H. read "The Sweet By and By." The attendance was only fair, but the interest excited was very great.—Lowell Times.

### Defective Hearing.

Dr. Samuel Sexton, aurist surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, not long since read a paper before the State Charities' Aid Society on the necessity of providing in the public schools for the better education of children with defective hearing. We present some of its leading points and facts.

Children may be partially defective in hearing; very deaf; and totally deaf—the last comprising those born deaf, and those who had learned to talk prior to their loss of hearing.

A special investigation in the New York City schools shows that children have continued there for years who have never heard with distinctness ordinary conversation, or who have had hardly any hearing. Some of these were often punished for inattention or dullness; others had studied hard to secure promotion, but were put back because they had not fully understood the questions; and many had been driven discouraged from school by the rudeness of unthinking and unsympathetic teachers.

Of five hundred and seventy-five pupils examined under direction of the United States Bureau of Education, seventy-four were found to be more or less defective in hearing, only one of whom was known to be deaf by the teacher; while over fifty were not themselves aware that they were deaf. It is believed that, at the very least, ten per cent. (fourteen thousand) of the school children in New York City are in a similar condition. All of these need special aid to keep them from swelling the ranks of illiteracy. They should be seated in the front row, receive their instruction at short range, and in a distinct and elevated voice.

As to deaf-mutes, day-schools have been established for them in eleven of our principal cities. This, where practicable, is much better than sending them away from home influences to the larger institutions. But it has been found that of the pupils in the latter, a large percentage—in Minnesota it is from fifteen to twenty-five per cent.—have hearing enough to be educated orally, by the aid of speaking tubes and of acoustic fans. Indeed, it is found that many of them, when instruction has continued for a time, can hear the voice, properly elevated, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet.

The instruction of deaf-mutes and the very deaf should begin as early as the fourth or fifth year.

The hearing of all pupils in our schools should be tested by experts, and the State should adequately provide for the proper education of the deaf of every class.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Feb. 7. Dayton, Ohio.—Lecture.  
" 8. Dayton, " —Service.  
" 8. 7:30 P.M. Hamilton, Ohio. (Probable).  
" 14. Detroit, Mich.—Lecture.  
" 15. Detroit, " —Service.  
" 18. Cleveland, O.—Service.  
" 22. Chicago, Ill.—Service.  
A few appointments may be made between these dates. Deaf-mutes are invited to write me at No. 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Mid-Winter at Kendall Green.

## THE GYMNASIUM.

### Chips.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

The past week has been marked by very few events of general interest. About mid-winter the college invariably sinks into a state of somnolency, which is broken only by the weekly lecture or literary meeting. All outdoor sports in which the students as a body can participate are necessarily suspended. This, however, does not mean a dull time for the individual student, for there is always something of interest going on in town. The arms that erstwhile hugged the festive foot-ball finds congenial occupation in encircling the tapering waist of some fair Huncamun, and the feet that used to skip about the Tennis court, thread with equal zest the mazy waltz at some of the numerous *sarvres dansantes* that enliven the Washington winter. Those who have never been able to learn how to dance, and consequently think dancing sinful, presumably enjoy themselves as much, toasting their hearts and heels at the eyes and fires that always welcome them to the cosy homes on Capitol Hill and in the West End.

All the visiting, however, is not done by the students, for it is an extraordinarily cold day when the gymnasium gallery is not graced by the presence of ladies, "whose bright eyes rain influence" down on the conglomeration of jerseys, knee pants, muscels, moustaches and brains that move about on the floor below. This invasion of the gallery is particularly marked on Thursday, which is nominally visitors' day at the college. Unfortunately the angel visits cannot be considered unmixed blessings, for they have inspired one of our would-be Tennysons to inflict upon a suffering world, the following doggerel, which I publish in the hope that the Faculty may be induced by it, to add to the rules prohibiting smoking, walking on the railroad, etc., one more which will make any attempt at poetical composition on the part of a student punishable by instant expulsion.

"Once a week a fair invasion of the gallery takes place,  
And each student gazing upward, sees some fair and eager face  
Watching every motion, till his head is in a whirl,  
And he wonders what can be so fascinating in a girl.  
Very pleasant to the students is the daily dumb-bell drill,  
And the men go through the exercise with an unweary will;  
For the pleasure of the ladies are essayed surprising feats,  
And not a student grumbles at the added exerts,  
And at the end a favored few ascend and take their seats  
Admiring eyes."

The instructor in gymnastics gave a bowling party in the alley adjoining the gymnasium, last Thursday evening. There were present besides Mr. Chickering himself, Miss Hazlitt, Miss Lulu Chickering, the Misses Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Kennan, Mr. and Mrs. Weld, of New York, Professor Hotchkiss, Mr. and Mrs. Wight, Mr. Morrow, and several other ladies and gentlemen. The bowling was supplemented with dancing in Gymnasium Hall, and refreshments at Prof. Chickering's. A very pleasant time was spent.

Owing to serious illness, Prof. Draper was unable to fulfill his engagement to lecture on Friday evening. Following are the dates for which his and the other lectures in the faculty course are fixed:—

Prof. Draper, - Saturday, Feb. 7th.  
" Gordon, - Friday, Feb. 13th.  
" Fay, - " Mar. 13th.  
" Potter, - " April 10th.  
" Hotchkiss, - " 17th.  
" Chickering, - " May 1st.

A number of students are to give a pantomime entertainment at the residence of Mr. Benedict, on Capitol Hill, during the present week.

There is a certain Junior who makes it a practice to call on his best girl, on the evening of the last day of each month, and sit the new month in with her. "Has she a father, has she a mother?"

Johnny Chickering has purchased a bicycle, and covers himself with mud and glory by taking innumerable headers.

A certain young man living in the college, wishing to compliment a lady on whom he was calling, said with what was intended to be a very killing air, "Miff—do you know, you look like a fallen angel?" and he could not understand why she became, all at once, so cold and distant.

The gymnasium exhibition, which will come off on the 27th inst., promises to be the most agreeable break in the monotony of winter term. The committee on arrangements is making every effort to insure its success, and the students, as a class, have responded readily to its call for money to meet the necessary expenses, but a little more practice on the part of those who intend to enter the prize contests, would not come amiss. It is possible to make these gymnastic contests very interesting and every student should make it his personal business to see that they are so. Mr. Chickering has made a very liberal offer of eight prizes to be given to the most proficient performers on the parallel bars, horizontal bars, Rings (swinging and travelling), and ladders, and to the victors in the vaulting, high jump, and pull-up contest, and also one to the class winning the tug-of-war contest.

Miss Fannie Chickering has returned

ed to her duties at the Hampton Indian School.

The children in the Primary Department will hereafter have prayer meetings every Sunday evening. Supervisor Wight will preside.

A number of Holloway extinguishers have been placed in the halls as additional protection against fire.

The tender-hearted Jnniors have decided not to cremate their Mechanics. The class in book-keeping held its first recitation on Saturday.

There is some talk of having outdoor athletic contests in May next.

The reading-room is indebted to Lester Goodman, of '80, for a finely illustrated calendar.

Did you pull the hole in after you, "Hypo?"  
Feb. 2, '85. GASTON.

### Queen City Items.

Buffalo, the Queen City of the lakes, is building up rapidly. The population is 200,000 now.

C. M. Smith, our former clerk of the New York Institution, is getting along well as book keeper in the office of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.

Miss Pandel, of Gasport, N. Y., was seen on our street last week.

Solly Weil is working on the *Buffalo Courier*, as an advertising compositor, and gets good pay.

Taylor Gatsinger is a ruler in his uncle's book bindery. He enjoys skating in the different rinks.

Jno. B. Herman, well known as "cobler" to the mutes, is as happy as a duck. He is one of the best men's shoe laster, in Deltisch's Shoe factory.

Mrs. Sarah Preston, of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken up her home at her married daughter's residence, in Lewiston, N. Y.

There was a deaf-mute lady whose name is unknown, married to a speaking gentleman in East Buffalo recently.

Miss Lizzie Vollrath and Lydia Stumpf, the favorite belles in this city, are no more as pupils at the Rochester Institution. The former's father needs her help.

"Bison" is sorry that his classmate, Mr. William Ennis has been confined in St. Mary's Hospital for a long time, but he hopes he will be restored by and by.

Mr. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., has erected a residence where he and his charming wife live comfortably. He is a tailor by his trade, but looks like a minister, so his friends say.

Mr. Hilleary, of Black Rock, N. Y., honored Mrs. R. Seigrist with a visit a short time ago. The latter was educated at the old 50th St. Institution, and is very wealthy.

Pat. Gough, who used to work for Principal Z. Westervelt as an errand man for some years, resigned last summer. Since then he has been wandering around in search of work, but could not get any.

The engagement of Mr. Louis Miss Carrie Dixon, of Elizabeth, N. J., is announced. The wedding will take place in August.

Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., called on his friend Mr. C. E. Webster, and lectured to him about a "Russian and Turkish Bath," which he appreciated. Mr. Cooper returned home the next day.

Clarence E. Webster was discharged from the office of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R. R. Co., as a tracer, by the President of that company, on account of decreasing of fees and expenses. But fortunately, he has gone into the milk business. Success to him.

A few months ago, Rev. Mr. Champlain, of New York City, was in this city to preach to the mutes at St. John's Church. There was a small attendance. "Bison" noticed that the ministers seldom come here to deliver sermons. The mutes in this city and vicinity would like to have one of them come here monthly, and they would be glad to go and hear their sermons.

There are about seventy-five mutes living in this city, most of them being Catholics and Germans. Yet they have no society here. They should get up a society soon, for it is well for them to cultivate their minds in debating and lecturing.

A small party in honor of the twentieth birthday of Mr. Robert Watts, a pupil of the Rochester Institution, was given at his residence on December 22d. Fun and refreshments were plenty. His invited friends were Misses Lydia Stumpf, Lizzie Vollrath, Rachel and Annie Marks, Messrs. Jno. Conlon, Brill, Gerken, Seebach and Jolly Weil, who enjoyed the affair immensely.

Mr. August Kowald, for fourteen years boot and shoe-cutter in the shoe factory, resigned recently. He and his wife moved out to Arcade, N. Y., to settle upon a farm of his own, including two houses, two large barns, etc., which are worth about \$4,000. He goes into the poultry business soon. We part with Mr. August Kowald with sincere regret: he has always been a trustworthy and industrious man. We are sure that his host of friends in Buffalo will cordially join us in wishing him, for the future, health, happiness and success as a farmer. Bison.

BUFFALO, N. Y., 2-1-'85.

### NOTICE.

Services in the signs will be held (D. V.) on Sunday, February 8th, as follows: At 11 A.M., in Trinity chapel, Newark, N. J. At 2:30 P.M., in Christ church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., where the sermon will be the second of the course of Sermons upon the Apostles' Creed. ANSON COLL.

## IOWA.

We take the following from the *Iowa State Register*, of January 11th, which is extracted from an article which originally appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune*, on Iowa's exhibit at New Orleans.

Iowa has 13,624 school houses, valued at \$10,430,247, with an enrollment of pupils numbering 469,537. To teach these children, 22,516 teachers are employed, of which number 16,721 are women. The Iowa school exhibit in the Educational Department is therefore one of the most interesting in the entire department. The school work from over 500 schools in the state is represented, and the display has been elegantly arranged. A neat railing separates the department from the general promenade, and entering the gateway the visitor first finds himself confronted by a beautiful table desk of various colored woods, made by the boys in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Council Bluffs.

The work of the pupils of the Iowa schools is arranged upon walls and partitions and on tables and desks, and consists of examples from the entire school work, from the samples of six-year-olds in the primaries to the beautiful mechanical drawings, etc., of the young men and women in the State University.

Miss Grace Hebard is one of the graduates of the University, of the class of '82. She is now a young woman, 22 years old, and is employed by the United States Government Survey in Montana to make maps. Her profession is that of a civil engineer, and her work from the school consisted of a beautiful series of topographical maps in India ink, so finely executed that not one visitor in five hundred can at one glance distinguish them from printed maps.

The Deaf-Mute Institute at Council Bluffs made a creditable exhibit of shoes, brooms, brushes, pictures, dresses and printing.

The above article is very complimentary to the deaf-mutes of Iowa. We are very glad to see it so well noticed.

We will make a little correction in it. Miss Grace Hebard mentioned in the article is not in Montana, but here in Wyoming, in the Surveyor General's office with the undersigned. She is a very intelligent lady, being a graduate of the Iowa University, at Iowa City. Her father was a minister, and often went to the Deaf-Mute Institute to lecture to the deaf-mutes during the time of Prof. Hjams and Prof. Talbot's Superintendency, and before the school was removed to Council Bluffs. The lady was familiar with the mutes there at the time. When she sees deaf-mutes conversing together, it looks natural to her. She is one of the best draughtsmen in the office. She has sent copies of her work to the exposition at New Orleans.

BOOMERANG JOE.

### DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION.

A CLEAR PRESENTATION OF THE FEATURES OF THE RIVAL SYSTEMS NOW IN USE—THE ADVANTAGES OF THE COMBINED SYSTEM.

St. PAUL, Jan. 21.—To the Editor: During the last year public attention has been called to the education of the deaf as never before. Papers have been read and discussed before learned and scientific bodies, and the press has been taxed in many ways. Three days were devoted to different phases of the subject by specialists in New York City last June; four days were devoted to it by the conference of principals held in Fairbault, Minn., last July. The National Academy of Sciences, the National Educational Association, the Philosophical Society of Washington, D. C., and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, not to mention other bodies of less renown, have each considered phases of this educational work and advanced ideas of more or less importance. The deliberations of so many learned scientific men will be quite sure to bring good to the cause of deaf-mute education. As the combined system of educating the deaf, the one employed in nearly all the American Institutes, has been somewhat criticised, and a radical change called for by a few theorists, it is proposed to state, as briefly as possible consistent with clearness, the attitude and claims of the two parties interested in this question:

### THE RIVAL SYSTEMS.

The two prevailing systems of instruction employed in educating the deaf in America are, first, the pure oral, and the combined system. The oralists discard the use of signs and the manual alphabet, and teach articulation, lip reading and writing. They claim that speech and lip reading alone can restore deaf-mutes to society, make them capable of expressing their ideas properly, open the way to success in life, enable them to form friendships and make alliances among hearing and speaking people. In their efforts to give speech to the deaf the oralists use two methods of imparting instruction—the natural and the symbolic method. The former depends on imitation and practice, with the necessary correction; the latter relies on visible speech, which presents to the eye pictures, or drawings, showing the position and movements of the vocal organs in human speech. As speech is the normal condition of man, the oralists claim that speech alone brings a human being up to the level of manhood, and one who is unable to acquire speech falls below the rank of a man. They claim all the deaf can be and ought to be taught to speak. That the organs of speech are perfect, and all that is necessary is to learn how to use them, as one would

learn to play on a musical instrument. With them the great acquisition is speech and lip reading; without success in this they have failed. Now, on the other hand, the advocates of the combined system recognize the importance of speech when the deaf can successfully acquire it. But they claim the great majority do not and cannot make a success of it; that a proportion of those who use it in school discard it in social life and business. Moreover the time, patience and exhausting labor expended in learning speech, tends to degrade, if not retard, the higher and more important work of intellectual and moral culture. Interchange of thought or conversation, when dependent on lip reading, is slow, tedious and often very imperfect and unsatisfactory. Public address before a class, or a whole school, is of little account, if not a total failure. Except in the case of the semi-deaf or the semi-mute, those who once had hearing, speech is but a mere accomplishment, and probably will soon be laid aside, like a musical instrument, in the busy of life.

### THE COMBINATION PLAN.

The advocates of the combined system use everything which will aid in the work of education. The semi-mute, the semi-deaf and a few others they would teach articulation and lip reading. These, comprising not more than 20 per cent of the whole class, can be successfully taught to speak. Gestures being the only language natural to the deaf child, they utilize this and the finger alphabet. Just here the oralists and the advocates of the combined system differ radically, the former discarding and the latter using both of these helps, employing them as a means to an end, the end being an accurate knowledge of written language. Schools using the combined method have graduated as good articulators and scholars as any of the pure oral schools. In some cases when deaf children have failed to obtain an education in oral schools they have been successfully taught in sign schools, but the opposite of this has never been proven, and from the very nature of the case never can be. Much has been said and written in regard to the success of the oral system; but can a system be pronounced a great success that sends a great majority of pupils into the world with a speech so imperfect that not one of them can read a paragraph in a daily paper so that a stranger listening can understand it? or can stand in court and describe a scene so that the jury can comprehend it? A system of popular education which fails to educate the children of average, or even lower, grade of intellect, would hardly be endorsed as a success. In schools sustained by public tax something more important and more essential than accomplishments must be taught. The public demand the best results and the best returns for the time and the money expended. For these and other reasons the combined system of instruction has prevailed in this country, and was emphatically endorsed by the conference of principals in Fairbault, Minn., last July. For the great majority of deaf-mutes the sign language is the easiest, most direct and the most successful way of arousing the latent powers of the minds, awakening a thirst for knowledge and giving the instruction and discipline necessary for the duties of life. The results on the whole are more satisfactory, more permanent and more rapidly obtained. It was in view of facts like these that, in 1867, the state school in Fairbault adopted the combined system of teaching the deaf, and has continued it to the present time.

J. L. NOYES.

BOOMERANG JOE.

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### CATHOLIC LITERARY & BENEVOLENT UNION RECEPTION.

As the date set for the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's reception draws near (February 10th, 1885), a few words in relation to the same, will not be amiss, and may probably be appreciated by those who expect to be present.

The Union has spared no expense or trouble to make the coming affair eclipse all others of its kind ever given before, and the Committee in charge is composed of members whose experience in the management of receptions is not to be questioned, and we feel safe in asserting that all who attend will have an enjoyable time.

As it is expected that many prominent persons will be present, as a preliminary opening, several speeches will be delivered.

The grand march, which commences at ten o'clock, will be something original, and has been arranged with great care especially for this occasion.

Supper can be had in the hall by those who desire at \$1, per sitting, the tickets for which can be obtained upon application at the bar.

It is earnestly requested that all will remain and witness the "Re-entrance," which will be led by our worthy President, and which, we promise, will be like its predecessor, a very fine affair.

In conclusion, we will state that nothing has been omitted that will tend to the comfort and enjoyment of our guests, and we feel confident that those who attend this year, will look forward with impatience to our next reception in 1886. Respectfully,  
JAMES P. DONOHUE,  
Chairman.

### RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1885.

### VICTIM NO. 3.

Isaac Williams, a deaf-mute boy, ten years old, was killed by the cars at Paris, Ky.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. CONANT, managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has mysteriously disappeared.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the puglist, was fined \$100 for cruelly beating a horse in Boston.

WHILE dancing at a ball in Cincinnati on Sunday, a young woman fell to the floor and expired in a few minutes.

A STORE in Grand street, New York, was shattered by dynamite on Saturday last. It is supposed to have been the work of striking salesmen.

ABOUT four hundred men will soon be given employment at the blast furnaces of the South Chicago Rolling Mills. It is expected that the furnaces will be blown in some time this week.

MR. WILLIAM T. ABBOTT died, on Tuesday, at Rockport, Mass. He was about seven years of age, and was the oldest inhabitant of the city. He fought in the war of 1812, and was taken prisoner and was for some time incarcerated in the prison at Dartmouth, England.

A DESPATCH from Pittsburgh, Pa., indicates that a socialist outbreak is imminent in that city. The conspirators have secret magazines and are well supplied with dynamite. They are waiting only for a favorable opportunity to wreak vengeance on the capitalists.

AN official despatch from Admiral Courbet to the Naval Department states that the French forces under his command have carried the Chinese works commanding the mines at Kelung. In the attack, the French lost 9 killed and 53 wounded. The Chinese loss is stated to have been very heavy.

PROFESSOR NICHOLAS FRANCIS COOK died last Sunday of heart disease. He was fifty-six years of age and was one of the well-known physicians in the West, holding the chairs of chemistry, pathology and diagnosis in the homoeopathic colleges in Chicago, Cincinnati and Ann Arbor, Mich. He was a grandson of the first Governor of Rhode Island.

THE Naval Committee have reported favorably a joint resolution in accordance with the President's message providing for the return of the Alert, of the Greely relief expedition, to the British government, with the thanks of Congress; for transfer of the Bear to the revenue marine service on the Alaskan coast, and for the placing of the Thetis in the navy to be used in making surveys and for other purposes.

AN extensive strike is expected among the ice workers at the Rhinebeck, Flatbush and other houses of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. The men say that the "Brewers' Ice Company" is paying the same wages as last season—\$2 per day—



# CINCINNATI.

## The Lee-Brown Case.

## RETURNED FROM THE SOUTH.

### A Batch of Personal Notes.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

In my former letter your types said that young married couples were at Miss Nimsger's party on Christmas, while it should have been unmarried couples.

Job Turner wrote here that he would be here some time ago, to deliver a lecture on "Mexico" before the mutes. A goodly number of mutes assembled at the appointed place, but Mr. Turner was nowhere seen. It afterwards was learned that he was taken sick on the way here, and was compelled to change his route right for his home in Virginia.

William J. Blount left last night for Jacksonville, Fla., where he will work in a large cigar factory. He is a member of the Cigar-makers' Union, and has been out of work, on account of the lock out; and Blount stood by the union throughout all troubles. We wish him success in the south.

Lee Brown, that runaway mite from Illinois, mentioned in my previous letter, was sent to the work-house by the Judge of the Police Court. He was neither wanted by the Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, nor by his parents, who live in Marletown, Ill., and the only way to do with him was to send him to the work-house, where he will be sheltered from cold during this cold winter.

John Hahn, two weeks ago, returned from a very pleasant trip to the Sunny South. He visited the Deaf-Mute School, at Knoxville, Tenn., and other points of interest. He spent some time in Jacksonville, Fla. He brought home a young alligator and a horned owl. The owl got homesick and died, and the alligator is still kicking lively in a big tub of water, and at one time nearly bit off one of John's fingers.

Frank Knollman went to the New Orleans Exposition last Christmas, but returned home soon, on account, as he said, of small pox, which was spreading there at that time. He brought some sugar canes to convince the boys that he had "bin there."

Mrs. Jake Wilson and children of Kenton County, Ky., were in the city during the past week. There was a sort of reunion at her sister's house. Their brother, who had been in the United States Army in Montana for the past five years, and their father, an old veteran and an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., were with them to enjoy the reunion of the family.

There was a lively debate at the Anderson Society, last meeting, the question being—"Is it right to take funds from the treasury to pay sick benefits?" Ben. Oppenheimer and Joe. Kelly spoke in favor of the affirmative and Fred. Reiker and Fred. Freers, negative. The affirmative side won the day. The Society has adjourned sine die till a hall or room can be secured. The room in which the society met was compelled to be reserved for a reading-room for the members of the Y. M. C. A., and the mutes were invited to meet in the large hall any night except Saturday, but were not willing to change the day of meeting. A committee is out, hunting for a hall. The Music Hall, with its big organ, may be secured.

A little mite, about ten years old, son of Isaac Williams, of Paris, Ky., was the latest victim to the cars—being tossed and killed while playing on the track.

Chas. H. Bottenwiser's father was in the city some time ago, and succeeded in securing six non-union cigar makers and sent them to the factory in Owensboro.

### Metropolitan Jottings.

"The Talk of the Town"—if we may be permitted to quote the title of a new book—is the Ball of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union to be held in Irving Hall next Monday evening, Feb. 9th. The programme is an excellent one. Doors will be open at a convenient time, probably as early as 8 o'clock. It seems the dudes have caught the fashionable fever of opening late, and as announced dancing will not begin till 10 o'clock, but all are advised to arrive earlier, as the dancing is not the only feature of the occasion. Special attention will be given to the reception of deaf-mutes and their friends, and all who attend may be assured of a good time, as the society, with its usual liberality, has spared no expense or pains to make the affair eclipse all previous gatherings of this kind. The enterprising Chairman, J. P. Donohue, has had printed a Journal of the ball, which includes the advertisements of the leading business men of the city. This is only an advertising scheme. The society does not try to deny that they expect to make money out of the affair, but just now money seems to be a secondary object. The programmes of dance are expected to be something unique.

The New England Party recently held by the Guild of Silent Workers was a success financially, though it seems to have been over-done as a money making affair. The price of admission was thirty cents. Any one wishing to do the right thing had to pay thirty cents additional. When clearing a tremendous profit is set before all other things, something, always happens. Auctioneering off cakes which were not bought, but were contributed by the ladies present, and putting all on short rations to have whole cakes left for the auctioneer's hammer, is a bad policy.

W. G. Pownall has left the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes. Alex. Dezendorf has been expelled from the same society.

Rev. I. J. T. Freeman has secured an assistant for the Sunday service of Catholic deaf-mutes. He expects to extend the good work considerably hereafter.

Thomas F. Fox lectured before the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union last week, on "Conscience in Animals." Contrary to the general rule this lecture was an original and highly interesting treat. About forty ladies and gentlemen were present, including members of the Poet Literary Society, the Gallaudet Club and the Manhattan Literary Association. The admission was free, as hereafter all lectures and debates before this society will be.

It is rumored that Miss Strahle, of this city, is engaged to a dashing and fascinating young gent of the City of Brotherly Love.

James Francis O'Neil, the original dude of the City of Churches, informs us he has taken out a Matrimonial Insurance Policy.

### DEAF MUTES IN A FLURRY.

THE PROTEST AGAINST A PROHIBITION OF THEIR INTERMARRIAGE.

(From the New York Sun.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Prof. Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, memorializing Congress against intermarriage of deaf mutes, has caused a flurry in the deaf-mute community. The Washington correspondent of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, a first class weekly paper, published in New York city, assures us that the memorial will fall through, for Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter. Section 8, Article 10 of the Constitution enumerates the powers of Congress, and the absence of anything permitting the national Legislature to regulate the marriage laws in States must be conceded by every one; and, therefore, if a bill to regulate the marriage of deaf-mutes were passed, it would be unconstitutional. But if the matter did come under the jurisdiction of Congress there are still important objections.

Please let us deaf mutes enlighten the scientific world, through *The Sun* on the subject, as far as our own experience and observations go. Prof. Bell fears that the intermarriage of deaf mutes will increase the number of deaf-mutes, and suggests that the deaf and dumb children should be educated in a common public school instead of institutions. He believes in teaching deaf-mutes articulation only. We acknowledge that Prof. Bell is a warm and generous friend of deaf-mutes, and seeks improvements in their behalf. He discovered the telephone while trying experiments so as to make his semi-mute wife and the deaf children of others hear, and also invented an improved system of teaching the deaf, known as visible speech. But this theory on the intermarriage of deaf-mutes is old, and was exploded long ago, as well as his theory of lip reading. The early teachers of our school used to urge their pupils not to marry their own fellows, but were subsequently convinced that theory was wrong, although it should be admitted that the marriage of congenital deaf-mutes, each having deaf and dumb brothers and sisters, would not be safe. Hearing children, however, of the result of such marriages, while semi-mutes married to congenital mutes nearly all have sound children. Hereditary cases are comparatively few. The statistics below will disprove the theory. Deafness is only temporary or as long as life lasts, and the offspring is all right.

The report of the American Asylum, in Hartford, Conn., the first school of the kind in the United States,

dated 1877, contained a complete list of pupils and causes of deafness from 1817 to 1877. Two thousand one hundred and nine had been under education therein. That book may be relied upon as sufficient authority on the subject. Nine hundred and seventy-five of 2,109 pupils were congenital, 131 whose causes known, and most of the others lost hearing by scarlet fever and other diseases. About 1,000 became deaf under 3 years of age, especially between 1 and 2 years.

Nearly 2,000 pupils had hearing parents. Some of the latter had six deaf and dumb children, 678 pupils had silent relations, and 1,431 had speaking ones. Twenty-nine deaf and dumb parents had 65 silent children. Twelve silent men married to hearing women (Prof. Bell recommends such) had 39 deaf and dumb children; 7 silent women, whose husbands could hear, had 19 deaf children. One pupil had 1 great-grandfather deaf and dumb, but grand-parents and parents were sound; another had 1 silent grandfather and his parents could hear.

It will be seen that a great majority of those pupils had hearing parents; and the proposed bill prohibiting the intermarriage of deaf-mutes will certainly not affect the ratio of deaf-mutes to hearing population, supposed to be one to 1,500. According to that ratio there are about 35,000 silent people in the United States, and about 1,000,000 in the world.

We don't agree with Prof. Bell as to the mixed school. Deaf-mutes should have institutions to themselves. Strangely enough, semi-mutes are very generally married to deaf-mutes instead of hearing ones. We are satisfied that the marriage of deaf-mutes is a natural and agreeable match, and that hearing children would soon be useful to silent parents. We don't think that the marriage of deaf-mutes to hearing people is an enjoyable match, except in a few cases.

WM. K. CHASE.

### Watkins N. Y.

A pleasant surprise party of twenty-five deaf-mutes was held at John E. Dougherty's, house on January 29th. It was a pleasant affair, and successful in every particular. In the afternoon and evening some mute people from Lyons and Geneva arrived here, and met at the Jefferson House to wait till a reasonable hour. Others from Elmira arrived. Then they marched in arms to John E. Dougherty's residence. Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty were much surprised when they entered, but however the parties were welcomed. When they each took seats, interesting and laughable stories were related. Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty had many thanks for their hospitality. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. N. Denton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback, Mr. and Mrs. Zehs Garabrant, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Krebs, Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Crist, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuster, Mr. and Mrs. Joel E. Andrews, Miss Minnie Andrews, Miss Mamie Garabrant, Charles Craven, Alvah Brown, William Walker, Mrs. Kate Garret, and others.

JOEL

### Brick Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

#### BULLETIN No. 20.

Dec. 21st, M. Leary, Tarrytown, N. Y.	\$10 40
Jan. 1st, Mrs. M. E. Totten, " "	14 71
" " Miss Lucy Gilbert, (donation) " "	4 00
" 13th, Mrs. Frank Roberts, " "	2 00
" 20th, Mrs. Walter McDougal, " "	5 00
" " Stephen Sinclair, " "	4 00
" John J. Ramsay, (donation) " "	2 00
The fund now amounts to \$1051 55	

CLARENCE E. THOMPSON,  
22 East 21 St., N. Y.  
Secretary and Treasurer.

### SACO, ME.

DEAR EDITOR:—Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Major Bicknell, left Saco, last June 23, for Sebec, to stay with her sister, for her health. Her husband left Saco for Sebec, on the 20th of December, to take care of his sick wife. I had a postal card two weeks ago from Mr. Hartwell Lovejoy, brother to Mrs. B., which said his sister was failing slowly, confined to bed part of the time.

Mr. Daniel Cleaves is confined to his residence by illness now. 2-1-'85. A. TITCOMB.

### WANTED.

A deaf-mute maid, to work in a family household three miles west of Allentown, Pa., owned by a respectable deaf-mute farmer. Steady work, and good wages paid monthly.

Address: Edwin Saeger, 627 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

### Death of Mrs. T. Brown.

On Sunday morning last, at half past three o'clock, rest came to one who had long been a weary, but very patient sufferer. MRS. SARAH HOAGLAND BROWN was beloved by her many friends, and they will doubtless be interested in a few words from one who knew her well. She was born, May 10th, 1837, at Scipio, Cayuga County, New York. A graduate of the Elmira Female Institute, her preparation for her work—that of teacher—was a good one, and her career was one of rare success and usefulness. She began to teach when sixteen years old, and her first work was done in a district school house in her native place. Somewhat later she taught a select school for young ladies in Jamaica, Long Island. At the age of eighteen she connected herself with the Dutch Reform Church,

at Sand Beach, Cayuga County, New York. In March, 1868, she took charge of the intellectual Department for the Blind, in the State Institution in this city. She filled that position most acceptably for nine years. Mrs. Brown never tried to teach her pupils what she did not know herself. She went before her classes prepared at every point, and Examining Committees were simply astonished at their proficiency, every time an examination was held. She was wonderfully patient, uniform in her disposition, and ready at all times in school and out to do a favor for any one who needed her help. In the delicate work of instructing children in a State Institution that ought to tolerate no sectarian teaching, she violated no one's rights, but she did not forget that she was a Christian and a Christian influence pervaded all her work. Simply to teach her regular hours and draw her salary did not satisfy her. She bore the wants of her pupils not only in her mind, but on her heart, and she reached their hearts.

On the 28th of June, 1876, she was married by Rev. Geo. Tyndall, to Prof. Thomas M. Brown, a deaf-mute, a gentleman singularly like his beloved wife in all the qualities that make a successful Christian teacher. During the past year, Rev. Frederick S. Hayden sheathed the Congregational Church, in this city. She will be missed there, and especially by her class in Sunday School. Battling bravely against an incurable disease, her patience under intense, long continued suffering was more than heroic—it was heavenly. It was an inspiration to converse with her during the last months of her illness. She was a most entertaining and agreeable talker, and while abundantly able to say pointed things, yet she never gave pain to the most sensitive by utterances that pierced and rankled. She sowed good seed almost to the last moment of her life, and let us hope that some of it, latest sown, has fallen upon good ground. Her memory is indeed a precious one to the few who knew her longest and best.—*Wolverine Citizen.*

E. L. B.

### More Reminiscences by the "Old Boy" of 50th Street.

(Continued from the JOURNAL of Jan. 15.)

The old Institution, now the Law School of Columbia College, in my time presented an imposing appearance, looked at in perspective, as it stood in the grandeur of its insulation. Now, on that side of Fifth Street, all the vacant lots have been built upon and the whole appearance of the place has so changed that its old time inhabitants, unless they were particularly in quest of it, might pass it by unrecognized. The front entrance is now on Forty-ninth Street, its then front entrance on Fifth Street is all closed up and the steps to the portico removed.

The school year then did not close until the second Wednesday in July. One the fourth of July, Dr. Peet having chartered a schooner, all the pupils and such of the teachers with their families as chose to go, marched down to the East River early in the morning and got aboard. An immense supply of sandwiches and other naval stores had been sent down in wagons, under charge of Commissary of Subsistence, Black Anthony. These having been shipped and stowed, we were soon under weigh for Sandy Hook and a taste of the ocean. The wind was only fair, and it was nearly noon before we passed the Narrows, the swells were running just sufficient to give the ship a gentle roll and pitch. Some of the girls began to get seasick at sight of the wide expanse of waters. Mrs. Stoner was the most vociferous of all to get back on terra firma. But it was Independence day, and Commodore Peet, with the majority behind him, was not going to give up the celebration of it for a small minority of the women folks. We enjoyed the novelty of the thing, watched for porpoises as they rose, rolled lazily over and disappeared, kept a look out for ships and steamers as they came into view or faded away low down on the distant horizon, and could just see the dim silhouette of the Highlands of Navesink outlined against the southwestern sky. A few of the girls got sea-sick, and it was comical to see them leaning over the rail making involuntary contributions to Neptune. We had to turn back before we reached the "Hook," and by the time we got to the Narrows, the wind died away to a dead calm and the ship began to float seaward. Crying anchor, we waited for a turn of the tide to drift us back. Our provisions had long since given out. Many of us boys sprawled out on deck and went to sleep, and probably the girls did the same down in the cabin. It was long after midnight when we got back to the Institution, as hungry as vultures; but supper was all ready for us, with a plentiful supply of strawberries and cream.

Dr. Peet was liberal in providing means of recreation and enjoyment. Sometimes it would be a visit to a menagerie, or a panorama, at other times we had pantomime and magic lantern exhibitions.

Henry C. Rider was in the same class with me during my three years under Mr. Bartlett and one under Prof. I. L. Peet. I think he gave more intense application to the acquisition of knowledge than any other pupil then in school. So far as my information goes, he was the first deaf-mute to establish and edit a distinctively deaf-mute newspaper, which was and continues to be a great success. His last and recent venture has been to found a school for deaf-mutes in the northern part of the

State, of which he is Principal, and which bids fair to rank high among the schools of its kind. Mr. Rider is making a name and fame of which no man need be ashamed.

Prof. I. L. Peet's class, in my last year, was a remarkable one in some respects. At the outside end of the row of boys was Zenas Garabrant, who seems to me to have stood six feet six inches in his stockings, next to him was Zachariah McCoy, who was no dwarf; thence the class decreased in height to the smallest boy, and from the smallest girl, increased in height up to Kate Blauvelt and Eleanor Langlois, who were giantesses compared to little Maria Louisa Bower in the center. The class contained most of the brightest minds then in school, it furnished the future poetess and five or six teachers for its own and other Institutions, one editor and proprietor of a newspaper, who subsequently became the founder and Principal of a deaf-mute school. The Professor of the class met his fate in the beautiful form and classic Grecian features of the poetess aforesaid, and one of his most renowned pupils found his affinity in the laughing eyes and rosy cheeks of one of his lady classmates. Kitty Blauvelt had many admirers, and was a shining light among the galaxy of beautiful girls.

The High Class was founded at the commencement of the school year succeeding the vacation when I left. This was an immense advance in the direction of a higher intellectual development, which deaf-mutes had never before enjoyed. It afforded those of natural intelligence and capacity opportunities to pursue a three years' course in the higher English branches, and in many respects placed them on a par with hearing students in the best Academies in the State. I was wanted in that class and was pressed hard to enter it, but I neglected the golden opportunity, for which I have since had many regrets. And, now, if you subject these "Reminiscences" of mine to the test of educated criticism, the verdict would be "literary murder." There is no paucity of ideas, no want of words to cloth them, the trouble is to make them dovetail in accord with Lindley Murray. In fact I do not know a verb from a pronoun, an adjective from an adverb, or what relation they bear to each other. If my old chum Mr. Rider will excuse the comparison, before he took a High Class course I could beat him out of his boots in written composition, such as it was, but after going through the mill, he came out with the literary and grammatical polish of a Professor of Belles Lettres, while I was left a butcher of the English language and am fain to hide my diminished head under the incognito of

OLD BOY OF 50TH ST.

Jan. 28, '85.

### Randolph Gleanings.

Miss Hattie M. Allard has gone to Lynn, Mass.

Mr. Alonzo Allard went to Boston two weeks ago, on business, and spent a day with his brother and returned home safely.

Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, called on us and other mutes here two weeks ago. We were very glad to see him.

Mrs. Ellen R. Allard, who was sick with a sore throat, is getting well now.

Two weeks ago, Mrs. Welch and family, moved to another place at Short street, from Mr. Wm. Acheson's house, and live with Mr. Lawlor and Mrs. Lawlor, who are doing nicely. They are boarding with her for a little while.

Mr. William Acheson, has not been out of town, as an agent, this winter, on account of sickness.

We like to live in this town better than other places, but there is much need of holding religious services here. We want Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Job Turner and other ministers to come here and preach to us, the needy sinners. We had our prayer meetings with four or six persons, but there are about fourteen mutes here and one mute in Brockton, that is six miles from here, and three mutes in Weymouth, that is six miles from here.

Alonzo Allard has had plenty of work as carpenter since last summer and winter. He is working on the addition of Gen. Bart & Co.'s factory, which is 100 feet long by 35 feet wide and four stories. In connection to the old building it is almost finished. They are going to fix the old rooms in six or eight weeks.

I got a present of a first class pair of calf boots to wear.

CAM DEN.

### New Hampshire.

MR. EDITOR:—Mrs. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H., went to North Branch, N. H., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. G. Wilkins, last November. She staid with them about two weeks, spending Thanksgiving day there. She enjoyed her visit very much. While there, she spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Nahum B. Sweet, and had a jolly time with them.

Mrs. David was very glad to learn that Mr. Holmes' resignation was not accepted. She is a true and firm friend of his.

When she left North Branch, she was missed very much.

Mrs. Wilkins has an oleander two years old, four feet tall, with 34 blossoms. It is about 7 1/2 feet in circumference.

A pig which J. G. Wilkins killed on the 23d ult., weighed 322 pounds. It was only 7 months and 16 days old.

J. G. W.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

Miss Mary Strop, of Ashton, Ill., is now visiting friends in this city.

Laboring men by thousands have been laid off since election.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morris' baby, Lilly, will be baptized by Rev. Mr. Mann in February.

This is the weather that trots out the malarial fever, and breaks a person all up.

Bascom Sproul, of Florida, has "Thanks" for his good wishes.

Sister Gussie Gottschalg, a hearing lady, who has been visiting for several days in this city, returned to Joliet last week. Mr. "St. Matthew" will please accept her thanks for his compliments.

During the rains of last week, we were threatened with another flood, but the freeze came up just in time to prevent any great damage.

A party will be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, by the Mute Circle, on the 21st, of February next. A good time is anticipated.

On New Year's Day, some ladies entertained a number of mute friends at their friend's residence on Lurabelle Street, in this city. Some games were indulged in, and all enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

The Second Lesson of the Pas-a-Pas Club was given at Klare's Hall, on Clark St., on New Year's Evening, and was well attended. The managers and officers have exhibited much energy in managing everything to a successful issue.

There is, in all societies in this city, a lack of friendly intercourse among the mutes. This lack of uniting is frequently caused by pretty jealousies which creep in through many such societies. When one mute is fortunate enough to join while the other may not feel able to do so, let the Mute Circle and the Pas-a-Pas Club support each other, and let their intercourse be friendly, their visits frequent, and they will have a more friendly understanding than they now have.

We will miss "St. Matthew's" epistle, but hoping that "Obe Jam Satiss" will be able to write more. We bid you all good-bye.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

### Scranton, Pa.

John L. Avery, of Carbondale, has already associated with the Anthracite Association.

A mute service at the St. Luke church was conducted by J. M. Koehler last Sunday afternoon. There were about fifteen mutes in attendance.

J. F. Eisele delivered a lecture on "Never Mind," before the Literary Society last Thursday evening. There was a good attendance of deaf-mutes. It was very interesting.

Willie Barge has a nice cottage in Danmore, Pa., with a fine view of the Morocco Mountain and forest.

John McDonough, the Scranton Police giant, is about sixteen years of age, and weighs 275 pounds. He can easily beat John Sullivan, the "champion slugger."

J. M. Koehler, the president of the Anthracite Association, has been re-elected to serve a third term, on a account of his good management.

There are two mute cigarmakers and one tailor in Scranton. The other mutes are now out of work, on account of bad times.

### An American Mute Artist.

(From a late Paris Letter.)

I have been looking at two pictures by an artist who has been a deaf-mute ever since his infancy. Mr. Humphrey Moore, however, talks as nimbly with his fingers as other persons do with their tongues, and that, too, in some four or five languages. He is one of our best American painters, and these two canvases are attracting a great deal of attention. One is a characteristic Spanish scene, view of the Alhambra; twelve dancers and musicians on and around a table; two coquetish ladies, seated in chairs enjoying themselves with the gossip of these cabottins, and in the background the old Moorish palace. In truth, the scene is a living one. The physiognomies each have their proper character, their individuality, and yet all are participating in the common action that bids fair to bring them in a plentiful supply of coin. These players, this beautiful dance, these ravishing senoritas, are alive, their poses are easy and natural, their costumes accuracy itself. Mr. Moore has reproduced with marvellous fidelity the black eyes, the luscious lips, the graceful forms, the exact colors which he saw in Seville and elsewhere out-of-doors in that picturesque land. The figures are small, almost minute, and yet with what a vigorous touch, with what great finesse, has he laid on all the artistic details that were necessary to give to them a moving actuality. This remark is equally true as applied to the other picture, a scene in Japan, and which is brim full of local color of that far-off Empire. For these two pictures Mr. Crocker paid for the Spanish \$7,000, and for the Japanese one \$4,000. Bonnat pronounces both of them *raissant*. Mr. Moore is a pupil of the great Gerome, and a disciple, so to speak, of the lamented Fortuny, whose widow is one of Mrs. Moore's most intimate friends. Both these ladies are Spanish, and both are as good as they are beautiful.—*N. Y. World, Jan. 30.*

When worthy men quarrel, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—*T. Fuller.*

## "HYPOS" BUDGET.

### News from the Land of Wooden Nutmegs.

### OLLA PODRIDA.

(From our regular correspondents.)

Your correspondent arrived early during the present we ped en route at the City of some friends at Yale College.

On account of having been quite busy, we have had no time to call on the mutes of this neighborhood, but have been better treated by the mutes, as Mr. S. W. Pratt called at the Kilbourn House, but we were out. Our business here brings us in contact with the students of Wesleyan University. Among them, in the class of '85, are the Messrs. J. A. W. and J. Saxe, twin-brothers, nephews of the port of that name, who were, in their younger days, playmates of Mr. Saxton, Kendall '82, of Troy, N. Y.

They use the manual alphabet well, as does also Mr. A. E. Sutherland, '85, whose brother and sister are at the Rochester Institution. Messrs. Magee and Upham, '85, also have mute friends and consequently are familiar with the sign-language. There are numbers of others who can use the one-hand alphabet. It would lighten the labors of our class if all hearing people could use the manual alphabet.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, who is with a book firm in New Britain, a short distance from here, will be in here on Monday or Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. J. W. Pratt, who has been on a visit to her mother in Brooklyn, is now at home, at her residence on Church street.

Revs. Dr. Gallaudet, Chamberlain and Colt, have all recently had their photos taken at Paeh's New York Studio.

A neat bit of sarcasm brings up at the foot of the editorial column in last week's JOURNAL relative to "Hypo's" withdrawal from the "Bell Memoir controversy." We feel that a short explanation will not be out of place. In the first place, we were led to believe what we afterwards found was not so. After stating our views, and finding ourselves misinformed we quietly corrected our previous remark, and merely said in an off hand manner that, not being concerned to any great extent, we had nothing more to say in the matter. As for a controversy with Prof. Bell himself, we would not allow ourselves to be drawn into one with a gentleman and a scientist so immeasurably our superior. But "Gaston's" remarks concerning Prof. Clark's communication, are, we think, rather ill-timed. The letter in question was a clear statement of facts, and the suggestion that an apology was due Prof. Bell, was made in the most gentlemanly manner, and there was nothing of a rabid fury (the interpretation, we make of Gaston's Latin) about it at all. Neither did Prof. Clarke constitute himself a mentor of all that had been written on the subject, and there was nothing that savored so of assumption in the article as Gaston's assuming to apologize for the others. Thanks for attempting to draw us under your wing in your alleged apology, fellow scribe, but we feel fully equal to the occasion ourselves. We have done! Selah!

We are cordially in favor of a Fanwood Alumni Association. "We see nothing in the way of the formation of one, since Fanwood has more 'grads' than any other institutions, and yet less pretensions ones have Alumni Associations. We are a graduate of '82, and think we speak for that class in saying all in and near New York approve of Mr. Thomson's project.

"Hypo" desires such of his friends as may wish to communicate, to send their letters to him, care of Kelbourn House, Middleton Conn., until February 12th.

Hypo.



# UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 6, 1885.

I believe I have mentioned before the fondness which the Mormon people possess for parties and social enjoyments. They have just wound up the old year with a round of balls, and every kind of amusement which can be indulged in at season. It may amuse the ladies, or rather the gentle readers of the JOURNAL to know how the common belles and beaux enjoyed themselves at a Leap Year Ball on New Year's Eve. So here goes:

The ladies had every thing their own way and they turned the tables upon the lords of creation with a vengeance. They bought the tickets and invited their male acquaintances to accompany them to the ball. When they arrived at the Assembly Hall, the gentlemen were ranged around the room, with strict orders not to move from their positions upon pain of the highest displeasure of the fair tyrants, while the latter flitted in perfect freedom from one end of the room to the other.

"Ah!" the gentlemen said under their breath, "your time is short, and we will have our revenge before the new year is much older." They now knew what it was to be wall-flowers and to suffer the torments of hope deferred—the hope of being singled out by the young ladies of their choice. With a malicious purpose, the ladies went up to the old gentlemen or married ones, and invited them to "trip the light, fantastic toe" with them, leaving the young men out in the cold to bloom by the wall-side. The old gentlemen rejoiced in their good luck and smiled maliciously at their less-favored rivals. The fair tormentors frowned whenever their young admirers besought them by tender glances or soft words, to relieve them from their languishing captivity and bade them in imperious tones, not to be forward but wait until they were asked. The same cruel reserve was maintained at the supper, but no sooner did the bells sound the knell of the departing year than the scene was changed as if by magic, and the young men leaped to their feet, pushing their whirling tyrants to the wall, figuratively and literally speaking. Dancing was reconditioned and the young ladies took their places by the wall with demure submission. As the enticing mazes of the waltz and other round dances are forbidden by the Church, only plain quadrilles were indulged in, with many variations which are easily mastered by a deaf-mute, who keeps his wits about him, without the aid of the music. I think I hear some fair readers of the JOURNAL ask, "Are the Mormon girls pretty and the young men handsome? How do they compare with the eastern youth?" On the average, they compare as favorably in looks as their prototypes in the East. Many of the ladies were richly, and even fashionably attired, not gaudily, in as many different colors as the rainbow reflects. One young lady, in particular, the daughter of a bishop and one of the Directors of the Union Pacific, shone in resplendent attire and costly material. As a rule, however, personal ostentation is not encouraged by the elders of the Church who are continually preaching "Vanity! All is vanity!" to the female members of the congregation, and warning them to shun the vanities of the Modern Babylon or the Gentile World, but here as elsewhere, the innocent foibles of the sex in arraying themselves in robes of loveliness can not be repressed, even by the stern dictates of religion, and none but an ascetic without a soul for beauty or harmony would forbid them. The baneful, and as I take it, disfiguring habit of painting and powdering the face, is prevalent among the married ladies to excess.

The other day, I read an account of the marriage of a deaf-mute in Utah. The bride was a young lady of the name of Rebecca, and the groom was a young man of the name of Isaac. The marriage was celebrated in a very simple and unostentatious manner. The bride and groom were dressed in plain, but becoming attire. The ceremony was performed by a minister of the Gospel, and was attended by a few friends and relatives. The bride and groom were both very happy, and the marriage was a very successful one. The bride and groom were both very happy, and the marriage was a very successful one.

though, on account of their intense heat, they are not used as a bathing place as are the Warm Springs with a moderate temperature in another part of the city. The Hot Springs are hot enough to boil an egg. In winter, however, its temperature is somewhat reduced. What a strange anomaly in nature! Boiling and steaming in summer, yet frozen hard enough in the cold season to afford an unlimited amount of pleasure to lovers of the perambulating art. It was on this lake that the poor, half frozen Indians, used to cut a hole through the ice and descend into its depths for the purpose of obtaining warmth until the genial rays of the sun dispelled the chilly mists of the morning.

There is one favorite game at social parties among the Mormons, one which is very instructive as well as interesting and might be adopted with advantage in institutions for the Deaf. It is that known as "Charades." Two sides are chosen. One side goes into another room to decide upon a proper word. After a general consultation, suppose the word "baby" is chosen. Then some one is "rigged up" like that miniature member of humanity and carried into the next room, followed by the whole side going through various pantomimic gestures expressive of babyhood, such as hushing the "squalling brat," sllobbering over it, etc., etc. The other side watches these operations and if they hit upon the right word, the game is up and they change places. Much amusement, not less than mental instruction, is found in this game. There is, however, a more complicated form of the game which tasks all the ingenuity of the players and requires a wider range of knowledge, and the words chosen are usually composed of one or more syllables, which are gone through in as many acts, as "car-pet," "stair-way," for example. The number of syllables and that of acts are announced beforehand to the guessing party. In a novel entitled "Jane Eyre" by an English authoress, a good illustration of the game is described and I will give a synopsis of it. There was a gathering of friends at the mansion of Mr. Rochester, a country gentleman and they played charades. One side went behind a curtain which divided the room into two portions. When the curtain was drawn aside there stood a member of the party dressed up in a minister's robes with a large book before him. Near him stood his assistant. A little girl then was seen scattering flowers on the ground. Presently a couple came in to view, the lady dressed in white with a veil down her face and orange-blossoms in her hair. The gentleman was dressed in the conventional black. The audience witnessed the ceremony of a marriage, and after the tableaux was over, they immediately claimed the word as "bride," which was correct. Another act was gone through, representing a swarthy, dark visaged man enveloped in shawls, with a turban upon his head. He was seated near what looked like a well. Presently a lady dressed in oriental fashion, denoting an Israelitish princess approached the well with a pitcher upon her head, she gave him a drink from the well, upon which the venerable stranger produced a casket from the folds of his dress and presented the princess with bracelets and ear rings of shining lustre, which she accepted with delight. The whole scene was recognized by the audience as that of Rebecca and Eliezer, the servant of Abraham sent to procure a wife for Isaac, but what puzzled them was the proper word intended by the other party. Various words were suggested, but were not found correct. In despair the divining party asked for a tableaux of the whole word. Then the third scene represented a convict chained to a dungeon. Then the right word burst upon the audience, who cried out "Bridewell," referring to the famous prison of that name in England. Might not such a game be found very beneficial to the intelligence and intuitive powers of reasoning, if practiced by the pupils? I am inclined to think it would.

The holy ordinance of matrimony is regarded by the Mormon people in the light of a religious duty, one which is not to be dissolved even by death, but the same relation between husband and wife is to be maintained in the other world. This is an entirely different view from that entertained by the whole Christian world, for with them, the marriage tie ends with death and every minister of them pronounces the formula, "I now pronounce you man and wife until death do you part." That is what the Saints call the "Celestial marriage," that is, the marriage which is continued in heaven and for all eternity. In the world beyond the grave, the husband will again gather around him all his wives and his numerous offspring, and live in the same patriarchal relation for eternity. It may be imagined how lonesome an old bachelor or an old maid must be in heaven, and it will be seen at a glance how much the importance of the woman depends upon the man in the world to come. No wonder, then, that woman dying single have besought some good man to marry them on their deathbed, for the purpose of securing their eternal elevation. There is now living an elderly lady who fancied herself dying and sent for a very good looking young elder of the Church with the request that he should marry her. Nothing loth, the young saint complied, though there was not a shadow of love in his heart for his high heavenly bride, and the knot was tied, but the bride revived and took another lease of life, much to the consternation of the bridegroom, who immediately sought a divorce and ob-

tained it. He has never married since, and lives in single blessedness, as if one experiment in matrimony was enough for him and he was afraid to make a second attempt.

One of the curiosities of polygamy is the confusion into which the various degrees of relationship are thrown by the system of plural marriages. I am acquainted with a man, who had married a mother and her daughter. Both have borne him children. How is the relationship of such a family to be defined? It passes my comprehension. Though the children of a polygamist may own a father in common, they disown any connection with his other wives, and style each other, if borne by different mothers, as half-brothers or half-sisters. It has often happened that the children of the oldest wives married and were rearing families of their own when their father took unto himself another wife, and brought forth children who, in such a case, are called uncles or aunts by nephews or nieces older than themselves. An instance of this kind, came under my observation the other day: at a house, my attention was called to two as lovely children as the sun ever shone upon, engaged in a frolic. I then looked at them one would suppose they were sisters, but my ideas of conventionality received a severe shock when I was informed that the youngest, only three years old, was the aunt of the older, who had seen about five summers. I have seen a man "bearded like a pard," who claimed a little fellow of ten years as his uncle! Such a state of things is enough to upset what little reason I can lay claim to.

In course of a pleasant conversation with Geo. Q. Cannon, who is a member of the First Presidency and as it is whispered, the probable successor of President Taylor as the head of the whole Church, he referred in terms of high admiration to the beautiful structure at Washington, devoted to the higher education of deaf-mutes. Mr. Cannon has represented the territory for a number of years at the seat of the National Government as a delegate, and he said he knew President Gallaudet by sight, and considered him as a man of wonderful resources and untiring perseverance, who had built up an institution as creditable to himself as it is beneficial to others. This is a deserving meed of praise to President Gallaudet, in which we all cannot but heartily concur. By the way, I have noticed in President Cannon's ordinary speeches an eloquence whose chief beauty consists in its simplicity and purity of Saxon language derived from a habitual reading of the Scriptures. No words of "learned length or thundering sound" are tolerated in his discourses. If any one desires a command of easy as well as clear language, no better means can be recommended than a study of the Bible. The Pilgrim's Progress owes its chief charm to the simple language which Bunyan acquired from a study of the Scriptures.

By request of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, I called on Bishop Tuttle (Episcopal) the other day, and learned that he had a cousin somewhere in New York who married a deaf-mute. I was sorry I could give him no information about that relative. Bishop Tuttle referred with evident pleasure to the part he took with Dr. Gallaudet in St. Ann's Church two or three years ago. He is not such a bigoted Non-Mormon as others I know, and said he had known the Mormons for seventeen years and respected them highly.

H. W.

## Mike's Signs.

The writer heard the following story a few evenings since. To him it was very amusing, as well as a good illustration of the aptness of different minds to misconstrue the same facts in quite opposite directions. Some time ago, a Frenchman became very enthusiastic on the subject of universal language for the human race. After much thought and theorizing on the subject, he came to the conclusion that the only language that could be universal at the present day must be a language of signs. Being deeply impressed with the importance of this language to humanity, he determined to travel from country to country and teach it in all their colleges and universities.

As it happened the first country he reached in his travels was Ireland, and the first Institution he went to was the University of Dublin. He called upon the president of the university and after some conversation with him asked him if he had a professor of signs in his university. Now there was no professor of signs in the university, but the president, not wishing to be behind the learned Frenchman, told him that they had one. The Frenchman asked him the name of the professor, and the president was taken aback at this, but told him that he could not see the professor that day, but if he would call the next day at the same hour he would introduce him.

After the Frenchman had gone, the president called his professors together and told them the fix he was in, and told them that one of them must play the part of professor of signs next day. They all demurred and objected to this, being afraid that they might be caught by the Frenchman.

As none of them was willing to play the part, they at last decided to train Mike, the chore-man, for it. Mike had lost an eye, and was very sensitive about it, thinking that people were constantly noticing it and making allusions to it.

Mike was consulted and consented to play the part, providing that the Frenchman should not refer to his defect.

The next day the president and professors dressed Mike up in a good suit of clothes, took him to a recitation room, seated him alone on the platform, and then retired, for the Frenchman was to see him alone. Before they left him, they told him what to do, and that he must not speak.

He replied, "Sure I'll not, if he sez nothin' about me oye." At the appointed time the Frenchman called, and was ushered into the "recitation-room" of the professor of signs. The president and professors waited in an adjoining room anxiously for the result. In a short time the Frenchman came back to them apparently much pleased.

"How do you like our professor of signs?" inquired the president. "Very much indeed. I congratulate you on your able professor. I am more than ever convinced that the language of signs is to be the universal language. When I went into the room I held up one finger, meaning there is one God. He understood me at once, and held up two fingers, meaning Father and Son. I then held up three fingers, meaning there are three persons in the Trinity. He replied by doubling up his hand, meaning, and these three are one. I then withdrew. It is wonderful. I am delighted."

After the Frenchman had gone, the president and professors sent in haste for Mike, for though they were pleased at having gotten out of the dilemma, they were very anxious to hear Mike's account of the interview. Mike came in, very angry. "I told yez he would say something about me oye. The first thing he did was till he would up wif finger, mainin, I had but wan oye."

"What did you do then, Mike?" asked the president. "Sure I held up me two fingers, to let him know I had two fets; an' phat does the dirty black-guard do but hold up three fingers, mainin we had but three oyes betwene us. Thin I doubled up me fist, and would 'a giv the frog-'atin' varmint a welt over his eye, but he commint a-smilin' an' a-bowin at a scrapin' an' wint out of the room."—Harper's Monthly Magazine.

## The Wire Age.

In history we have the golden age, the iron age, the brass, and other periods similarly marked. Future annalists may well describe the present period of our history as the wire age. In no part of the economy of our daily lives are we divorced from wire. It is our slave, and yet an ever present master. Sleeping, we repose on wire mattresses. Eating, we see foods which have passed through sieves, and which are sheltered from insect appetite by wire sieves. Traveling, we are conveyed by cable or electric rail ways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wires, and we tread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric cables. Across our fields are strung thousands of miles of barbed wires. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches are run by wires, our books are stitched with wires, our pictures hung by wires, and our politics managed by wires.

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# DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes, and of their officers. It is invited to send its cards. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

## BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock in the Tuttle's Building, 108 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; W. A. Bond, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Henry Stengle, Secretary; Henry L. Juhre, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 307 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady, Secretary, Martin Aronson. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sitter St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 10th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Officers: J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

## CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Arlene Rembeck, President, and Otis Vance, Secretary. Secretary's P.O. address is 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Siffer is President and Abraham M. Munn, Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almedy Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. Wilson, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Howe, of West Boyford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

## PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of disseminating intellectual improvement and moral amusement to the deaf and dumb. Its motto is, Pas-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is offered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Chas. Angle; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Chas. L. Buchan. Address President or Secretary Pas-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

## ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bove; Treasurer, James C. McQuinn; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address, President or Secretary at 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

## THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services, so that they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Thillingsast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

## THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

## THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by John T. Thillingsast, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; P. W. Packard, Treasurer; John P. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Mencham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

## THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougall; 2d Vice-President, Thomas B. Stewart, Treasurer, William Eslinger; General Secretary, John Ward, Jr. All communications should be sent to the Secretary, John Ward, Jr., 388 Market St., Newark, N. J.

# (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

## THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. The officers of the club for the current half year are: William McElroy, President; James O. Amos, Vice-President; Henry J. Gill, Secretary; James Mooney, Treasurer; Adolph Knoechel, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.

## THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a non-sectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; W. P. Packard, George Mackintosh, Committee; W. K. Higelow, I. P. Harris, George Pease, Trustees.

## THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Samuel H. Keese, Vice-President and promoted Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and Hiram B. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also holds a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and evening meetings. The Secretary's address is Marshall Infirmary, Troy, N. Y.

## WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue, near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 68 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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